A New BALLAD,

Of Londons Loyalty.

To a Pleaſant New Tune, Call'd *BURTON-HALL.*

ROwze up Great Monarch of this potent Land,
Leaſt Traytors once more get the upper hand;
The Reble Rout their former Tenents own,
And Treaſon, worſe then Plagues Infects the Town:
The ſneaking Mayor, and his two pyning Shrives;
Who for their honeſty no better are then Thives,
Fall from their Soveraigns ſide, to court the Mobile,
Oh! *London, London,* where's thy Loyalty?

Firſt, *Yorkſhire* Patience twirles his Copper Chain,
And hopes to ſee a Common-wealth again,
The ſneaking Fool, of breaking is afraid,
Dares not change ſides, for fear he looſe his Trade;
Then Loyal *Slingsby*, does their Fate Devine,
He that Abjur'd the King, and all his Sacred Line,
And is ſuppos'd his Fathers, Murderer to be,
Oh! *Bethel, Bethel,* where's thy Loyalty?

A moſt notorious Villain late was caught,
And after to the Barr of Juſtice brought;
But *Slingsby* packt, a Jury of his own,
Of worſer Rogues than e're made Gallows groan,
Then *Dugdales* Evidence was ſoon decry'd,
That was ſo juſt and honeſt, when Old *Stafford* dy'd:
A Witneſs good, he is not now believ'd to be,
Oh! Juſtice, Juſtice, where's thy equity?

Now *Clayton*, murmers Treaſon; unprovoak't
He ſup't the King, and after wiſh't him choak't.
He longs for *Danby's* Lofty place of State,
And Rebble turns becauſe he can't be Great;
His ſawcy Pride aſpires to High Renown,
Leather Breeches are forgot, in which he trudg'd to Town
Nought but the Treaſury, can pleaſe the ſcribling Clown.
Oh! *Robin, Robin,* where's thy modeſty?

Player, now grows dull for want of Common-whore,
Poor *Creſwell*, ſhe can take his word no more,
Three Hundred pounds, is ſuch a heavy yoak,
Which not being pay'd the worn out Bawd is broak;
Theſe are the Inſtruments by Heaven ſent,
Theſe are the Saints, Petition for a Parliament:
Though the King's Diſpleas'd, they'l ſtill Petitioners be,
Oh! *London, London,* where's thy Loyalty?

Heaven Bleſs Fair *England*, and it's Monarch here,
In *Scotland*, Bleſs your High Commiſſioner;
Let *Perken*, his ungracious error ſee,
And *Tony*, ſcape no more the Triple Tree:
Then Peace and plenty, ſhall our joyes reſtore,
Villany and Faction, ſhall oppreſs the Town no more:
But every Loyal Subject, then ſhall happy be,
Nor need we care, for *Londons* Loyalty.